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What a Sport Thinks of Sullivan's Chance.
Talk of Sullivan's chance in the big race between him and the other men on the track. On the other hand, the case of the men over in Jersey who have paid \$75 a day all winter in order to have the privilege of the bookmakers is trying to "come it" over the Club. But the bookmakers claim that though ninety-seven different firms started in at Clifton, they petted out to a weary score during the last month. The plea of the bookmakers for refusing to pay \$100 a day for the big race tracks is that a careful canvass of their ranks shows that the majority of them lost money last year. But the clubs, and indeed the outside public, also claim that if \$75 was the ruling rate at Clifton, \$100 per day is not too much to ask for this higher stake race.

When asked what he thought of the approaching Sullivan-Kilrain battle, a prominent New York sporting man said:
"With Dempsey behind John and Mitchell back of him, my prediction is that the mild will be a prediction of the Sullivan-Mitchell race which occurred in France. There may, however, be a winner, and if \$75 was the ruling rate at Clifton, \$100 per day is not too much to ask for this higher stake race."

Ed Plummer has invented a system of scoring by electricity that is ingenious. With the aid of this machine one man can do the work of six men by the usual methods. The register simultaneously with the big blackboard, a great convenience. Mr. Plummer has applied for a patent. The device will be used for the first time at the nine days' pedestrian contest at the Sea Beach race.

Pater on parties are very anxious to match Austin Gibbons against Mike Cushing for \$100,000 stakes. Gibbons and Cushing were to have met yesterday at the Police Gazette office to arrange the details of the match, but there was a hitch, and the confab did not occur.

The New York Athletic Club's eight-oared crew is not doing as well as their friends would wish. Bob Appleton, Yale '86, is coxed, and says they do not get the hang of the boat. His critics are that their crew is very faulty and their slide back on the recovery is so fast as to retard the boat material.

A gentleman in California who has brought all the prominent fighters from Australia to California, notably Jackson and Meadows, and who knows Frank's capabilities to a fault, says:
"In regard to Slavin and Charley Mitchell, who are now ten rounds even, Mitchell is the more crafty and will have the best of it. But Slavin is a long-time fighter, and he is a good one in that if he has to be a finish Slavin will win."

Evening World Leader.—The best time a 10 pounds ever made on the Guttenberg race track was on May 7, by William C. Daly's new purchase, Richard S. Fox. He ran six and a half furlongs, and won by ten lengths. In 1:24.5, eclipsing Garrison's Suedwell, who had held the record until this date.

The stroke of the Columbia crew, H. C. Ison, '89, is sick with pleurisy, and it is thought he will not be able to row in any of this year's regatta. This is the climax of a bad luck which the Columbia have met with this season.

W. A. Hensland, Archie Sinclair, James Lay, Charles Smith, Victor Tom, McGovern, William Meek, Barney Burns, J. Gray, W. A. Smith, D. Driscoll, J. Meagher, and William O'Keefe start next Sunday night in a two-day non-stop day, and return back-to-back walking match at Baltimore.

The postponed boat race between George Thompson and Otto Hengel was won on the Harlem by Thompson, he being three lengths to the fore at the finish.

At a meeting of the Entre Nous A. C., of Astoria, held at their club-house on Flushing avenue, the following officers were elected: President, Charles A. Ballerme; Secretary and Treasurer, Ernest Wolkwitz; Captain, Frank A. Lang.

Whether Paddy Smith simply slipped or was fooled over by McAuliffe at the Fifth Avenue Casino last night, the verdict of those present was that Jack has come out decidedly on top. Intense excitement prevailed during the fight.

FROM MONTANA.

HELENA, M. T., Jan. 26, 1888.

DEAR SIR, I have taken a great many of Dr. C. McLean's CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS and find them to be a wonderful pill—all that you claim for them. They are like a charm in case of biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, etc. Mrs. HENRY WICKHAM.

Cure sick headache, biliousness, liver complaint, dyspepsia, heartburn, indigestion, malaria, pimples on face and body, impure blood, etc., by using regularly Dr. C. McLean's CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, prepared only by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa. Price 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. Insist upon having the genuine Dr. C. McLean's LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburg, Pa., the market being full of imitations. The name McLean is prominent on the wrapper of the genuine. Always make sure of the name. Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa., on the wrapper.

WHIRLING ON THE WHEEL.

THE PRETTY LANCASHIRE LASS LEADS IN THE BICYCLE RACE.

Miss Brown Has a Narrow Escape in a Collision—The Pace Too Strong for Stanley and Armando—The Present Race of the World Will Break the Record by Fifty Miles.

Jessie Oakes, the Lancashire lass, in a combination garment of wine color, and her black, wavy hair about in the air, is still the leader in the women's bicycle race at Madison Square Garden.

But her lead is almost intangible. Hardly more than the breadth of her wheel, for the taller Kitty Brown has done conscientious work from the start, and has been a shadow to the English girl throughout.

Miss Brown is a pretty girl with a Clytie knot and an air of set determination. Yesterday she had a fall which startled all beholders. A collision occurred between Oakes and the soldier Armando, and Miss Brown ran upon the wheel. She was hurled against the inside picket fence and hung there till taken down by help, which came from the other end of the building. The plucky girl's ribs were not fractured and she resumed her wheel.

The pace of this race has been altogether too strong for Armando and Stanley, the former champions. It has been two miles an hour better than either of them has ever done, and if the rapid wheeling is continued to the finish by the leaders will give them 675 miles, or fifty miles better than the record.

It is too much for Armando, and they are already about tired out.

The last lap was timed last night, and Miss Oakes ran it in 24.5, or at 3.17 gait.

Armando used to ride relay races on horseback, but has been a bicycle champion these ten years. Stanley had never ridden in a race before the one in which she won the championship.

The sports now ends herself opposed by six of the other girls, while none appear as her companions or friend. Tom Eck is managing all the others.

The afternoon as follows:

Oakes..... 239.5 Armando..... 215.0
Brown..... 239.4 Stanley..... 175.0
Lewis..... 229.0 Woods..... 138.0
Salwin..... 221.2 Oakes..... 109.5

LINCOLN AND RICE SAIL.

OUR MINISTERS TO ENGLAND AND RUSSIA ON THE CITY OF PARIS.

Mr. Robert Todd Lincoln, the new Minister to England, with his wife and children, Miss Jessie Lincoln, Miss Lincoln and Abraham Lincoln, went on board the fast new human line steamship City of Paris at noon today.

Mr. Robert G. McCormack, the new assistant secretary of the State, accompanied Mr. Lincoln. The new Minister to England will go directly from Liverpool to London. He has not yet reached a house in London, but Secretary of Legation White is looking out for one for him.

A little later Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice, the new Minister to Russia, and his military attaché at St. Petersburg, Lieut. Zalinski, went aboard the City of Paris.

Other well-known people who embarked on the City of Paris were Mr. and Mrs. W. Jennings Demarest, Col. and Mrs. Rice and wife, Lieut. Commander Emory, Mr. and Mrs. Richard B. Worth, Thomas Nelson Page, Anson Phelps Stokes, and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Bishop James Murray, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Wilson, Samuel Booth, C. S. Currier and Dr. Charles Gibson.

Some of the passengers expect that the City of Paris will cross the ocean this voyage in five days and a half. They will probably do her best.

HE TOOK THE HINT.

From the Boston Courier.

"Yes, Jennie," said the young lady's beau as he clasped her small hand in his and gazed lovingly into her misty eyes, "although I'm in comfortable circumstances now, I've seen the day when I've been hard pressed."

"Indeed?" she said.
"Yes, indeed, pretty hard pressed."
"I don't remember," she said, with a shy look, "of ever having been hard pressed."
She was a moment after.

WILLING TO DIVIDE.

From the New York Weekly.

Prestitigator (during his grand gold-piece act)—I could take \$20 gold pieces from your pockets all night.

Sneaky individual—Go ahead, pard; I'll give you half.

Dr. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER. MOST PERFECT MADE.

Experiments proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Indicated by the leading name of the Great International as the Standard. Purest and most reliable. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain ammonia, lime, or alum. Sold only in Canada. PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.

NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

WILSON BARRETT'S COMING.

HE WILL BRING HIS OWN COMPANY FROM ENGLAND NEXT FALL.

Francis Wilson's Heavy Expenses at the Broadway Theatre—Mrs. McKee Rankin Again Kitty Blanchard—Robson, Crane and Booth to Summer at Cabaret—Another American Opera Coming.

All the arrangements for Wilson Barrett's appearance in this city in October are now made, and the actor's American business agent, Frank Murray, is already beginning to talk Barrett. Wilson Barrett's repertoire is to include, "Good Old Times," "Ben Macree," "Claudian," "Chatterton," "Hamlet," and "The Lady of Lyons." Mr. Barrett has recently made a great hit in London in a play called "Nowadays," in which there is a stirring race scene, and in which Mr. Barrett appears as an old Yorkshireman. His friends, however, have advised him not to produce "Nowadays" in America, for the reason that his appearance in it in an old character part might destroy the illusion that at present hovers around Barrett's romantic work. It is not at all improbable that "Nowadays" would be produced, Barrett has just been reviving his old plays in London and has found that the most successful is "The Silver King," in which he appears as Wilfred Denver. He will appear at the Fifth Avenue Theatre for three weeks in October and go to "Frisco in the Spring. Miss Eastlake and George Barrett will be in the company, which will be an English one. No back, but has been a pretty little fairy tale about the engagement of American actors. By the way, what a terrible thing it would be for Mr. Wilson Barrett if he should incur the enmity of the student, Edna Aldrich! It looks as though he would do so. Spare poor Barrett, Mr. Aldrich! Be merciful!

Last time Wilson Barrett came to this country he brought along a woman who interested him to the point of matrimony. He brought the woman home upon which the scenery is raised, and even a hammer and nails. Mrs. Fernandez, who was behind the scenes at the Star when Barrett's properties were being brought forth, was amazed.

Did you imagine, Mr. Barrett, she asked, "that you had no timber and no nails in this country?"

"Well," he replied, "I wanted to make sure of everything, you know."

Little Miss Lillian Brown, who with her husband has brought along a woman who interested him to the point of matrimony. He brought the woman home upon which the scenery is raised, and even a hammer and nails. Mrs. Fernandez, who was behind the scenes at the Star when Barrett's properties were being brought forth, was amazed.

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On the Board of Trade.

"Three years ago I went onto the Board with \$25,000, and in less than two years I retired."

"With an independent fortune?"

"No, until I could raise a little money to go into something else."

The Cause of It.

From the Chicago Herald.

First Actor—You look prosperous. You must have had a full house at your benefit last night?

Second Actor—Not exactly, but I had a full house for my benefit after the performance.

A Working Man.

From the Chicago Herald.

"I see that Jay Gould says that he made every cent of his money by hard work. I didn't know that Gould was a working man."

"Oh, yes he is. In my last whirl at Wall street he worked me for ten thousand."

Overwork.

From the New York Weekly.

Polite Doctor (cautiously)—Your husband is suffering from overwork or excessive indulgence in alcoholic stimulants—it is, ahem, a little difficult to tell which.

Amazons Wife—Oh, it's overwork. Why he can't even go to the theatre without running out half a dozen times to see his business partners.

A Question of Age.

From Life.

She—Grandmamma is eighty-six years old, and she danced a minuet here to-night.

He (just from the theatre)—Why, she is almost old enough to appear in the ballet.

Charles Frohman tells a good story of the late Washington Irving Bishop, minister to the United States Government. Induced by the leading name of the Great International as the Standard. Purest and most reliable. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain ammonia, lime, or alum. Sold only in Canada. PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.

That mischievous youngster, "Peck's Bad Boy," is at the theatre this week, and his many friends are visiting. He is numbers to pay him homage. His numerous relations are with him, as usual, and contribute largely to the entertainment. And J. Barron is, as usual, the bad boy; John Pringle the Jonas.

Brooklyn Theatrical Notes.

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wander to the chair opposite him in which his poor wife would have sat had God spared her to him.

The girl had long ago calculated how soon their brother Willie would arrive. They got a room ready for him, which was called Willie's room, and they made it as pretty as hands and money could make it, while their father looked on happy and proud and full of delight at the idea of seeing his boy home again—the "young master," and the her to all the wealth and comfort around him.

It was just about the time that they had calculated Willie would be due that they received a telegram from Liverpool: "Arrived safely; with you to-morrow. Will."

And on the morrow a fly drove up to the house laden with luggage, and a handsome young fellow stepped out of it. The girls and their father were out in the grounds in a moment.

"My boy!" exclaimed Mr. Orpington. His arms were held out, but suddenly he paused. "How you have changed, Will," he exclaimed. "Why, I shouldn't have known you."

"Yes, dad, I have," exclaimed the young fellow, with a laugh. "Roughing it out yonder does alter a fellow, and nine years make a difference." He kissed his father heartily, and then turned to the girls.

"Why, Lizzie," he said, "how you've grown; and you, too, Polly. Good gracious me, it seems hardly possible that you're the two little girls I can remember."

Taking Lizzie's hand he stooped to kiss her.

Almost instinctively the girl shrank back, and a deep blush covered her cheeks. It seemed so odd for this handsome young fellow to be kissing her.

But she laughed and held her cheek to him and then kissed him in return.

"It seems odd at first, Will, dear," she said. "We are really so many strangers, but you are my brother, and I suppose I shall understand that you are by and by."

"I suppose so," said Will, and then he turned to Polly.

Polly was bashful, and she put her arm about her brother's neck and gave him a most sisterly hug.

And then father and son and the two sisters all went into the house together and were soon at their ease and talking about old times.

Will had forgotten, in that long nine years in a new country, much of the old days; but things came back to him as they remained him of them, and before the day was over the little feeling of strangeness had worn off and they were all in the highest spirits and full of plans for the future, and the young gentleman from Canada was fully established in the house as the young master.

That night when the girls went to bed, leaving Will and their father together, they had a long talk about their "new brother."

"Isn't he handsome, Lizzie?" said Polly.

"Oh, I'm so glad he is. You know I was half afraid he'd come back ugly and awkward."

Lizzie agreed that he was very handsome, but she said she would not have been so off the strange feeling that had come upon her when her brother first gave her a brotherly kiss.

What that feeling was she couldn't say. Will wasn't what she expected him to be; and that feeling was a very long time in wearing off.

A month had passed since Mr. Will Orpington returned to the bosom of his family, and his father was far from happy.

He didn't like to confess it even to himself, but he was disappointed in Will. The young gentleman had commenced to give him hints and to indulge in extravagant habits. He wanted more money than his father could give him, and he was like to go to London and make a fearful number of purchases, and ordered the most expensive things he could get in every direction.

His father, seeing how things were going, ventured to remonstrate, but Will laughed the matter off.

"Come, dad," he said, "you mustn't be angry. Look what a lot of lost time I've got to make up for."

Will was making up for lost time with a vengeance. He got in with the fastest set of young fellows in the neighborhood, and became quite a "sportman." His extravagance knew no bounds. Horses arrived which he had purchased, a dog cart, a mail phaeton, and a library, and then he told his father that he must build new stables at once, as the old ones hadn't half enough accommodation.

He went to London for a week, saying that

BRIGHT WITS IN COUNCIL.

A MEETING IN WHICH MIRTH AND GOOD NATURE PREVAIL.

Friendly Advice.

From the London Punch.

"I say! You have improved that foot these last few weeks! I should go on drawing the human foot, and nothing else, if I were you, Brown—anyhow for another two or three years or so."

"Oh, thanks awfully—and then?"

"Why, then you might be a shoemaker, you know, and get an honest living!"

It May Be So.

From the London Critic.

Brightly—Do you know why people are never stuck up in autumn?

Dullard—Can't say that I do.

Brightly—Because pride always goes before a fall.

A Stainless Cloth.

From the New York Weekly.

Jinks—Called at your boarding-house to-day and saw the table neatly set for dinner, and I must say things looked very neat. I never saw a whiter table-cloth to my life.

Blinks—No, she doesn't make her tea, coffee or soups strong enough to stain.

Good Idea.

From the Boston Courier.

Youth—Can you give me anything to do, sir?

Merchant—What is your line?

Y.—Clerk, sir.

M.—Clerk? Why, clerks are a drug in the labor market just now.

Y.—They are? Well, if that's the case I had better look for a job as a drug clerk.

The Cure Easily Applied.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Cahokia—Alfred, I have been reading about the hot air treatment for weak lungs, and I think I should like to try it.

Mr. Cahokia (struck by a happy thought)—All right, Emeralds. This is April. Next month is May. We'll spend the whole month right here in St. Louis.

The Outcome of the Suit.

From Judge.

Drayton—There isn't much left of you, my friend.

Withers—Not a great deal. I used Mullin the other day.

Drayton—Get anything?

Withers—Not in court. I met him after the session, though, and secured heavy damages.

Boil your Overalls

JUMPERS—any or all your working clothes for TWENTY MINUTES in a solution of PYLE'S PEARLINE and WATER. Stir occasionally, then rinse thoroughly—they will look like new. It pays a workman to be clean and tidy. Its far more healthy—besides you'll

Save your Old Lady

a Heap

of Trouble

Beware

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers.

Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

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